

# John Henry's PILGRIMS

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Bunch and I felt sore. We had expected to keep Uncle Peter from losing his money at the race track by disguising ourselves and persuading him to lay his money with Ike Schwartz, who was acting for us with our own roll. But Uncle Peter had won on my own tip—which I thought was a bum steer—and had got into us for about \$9,000.

"How about Ike?" I asked Bunch. "I gave him the balance of the last remaining thousand for his work," Bunch replied.

"His work!" I echoed. "Yes, his work to keep his face closed," snapped Bunch. "It's bad enough for us to realize that we're a pair of custard pies, but we don't want the whole world to know it, do we?"

"Let's go to Ruradene and think it over," I suggested. "Say, John, if ever I look upon that old man's face again I'll want to bite his thumb off," snarled Bunch, but after a while we both began to feel better and fled to the country.

About six o'clock Aunt Martha quietly informed me that she had received a telegram from Uncle Peter telling her not to wait dinner for him; that he would be detained for an hour or two in town.

After dinner Bunch and I strolled off down the road to smoke our cigars and tell each other how badly we felt. There were no recriminations, only sorrow, deep and abiding.

I began to think of all the things that lost group of money would buy and I grew heartless.

We had walked about half a mile or so in the direction of the depot when

must get them quietly in my house across the road from Dove's Nest Villa. It's almost ready for occupancy, but Clara J. and I aren't going to move in for a few weeks. If we can get them in there and asleep, possibly we can prevent news of the disaster from reaching the watchers in the old homestead.

"It's the goods," Bunch whispered back; "and we'll keep this drama of interpenetration away from the women folks if we have to sandbag the Budge Brothers, Syphon and Squirr."

The two bubble-breakers bore down on us now, Dike waving a stuttering arm in an effort to beat time, while they both cut loose with the song.

Then suddenly Uncle Peter and Dike paused. They had to. Bunch and I had blocked right of way.

"Tah ou'rageous!" Uncle Peter gurgled; "ou'rageous to shink two gemen can't walk public thufare without being—" then his spluttering lamps recognized me and he fell into my arms joyfully.

"John, tah proudeah moment of my life," Uncle Peter hiccupped. "Mush present friend of mine. Misher Lawrence, permit me in'erdoosh you to my nefoo, my nefoo, John Henry, Misher Lawrence! Won big shum of money at track today, John. Mosh incredible shum of money, John! Misher Lawrence shed only thing to do under circumstances was to shellebrate vict'ry! Misher Lawrence besht shellebrator I ever met—who's your friend, John?"

"Why, Uncle Peter, this is Bunch; you remember Bunch, don't you?" I answered.

"Glad she you, Buss!" the old fel-

Nine o'clock came and no telegram, and I could see that Aunt Martha was beginning to get the worries. It was so unusual for Uncle Peter to be away without her. Clara J. was the life of the party, and she teased the old lady into better spirits.

Ten o'clock and still no telegram. Aunt Martha now had Uncle Peter waylaid by robbers somewhere and I could see cloudy weather in that household pretty soon if Bunch didn't get busy with the wires.

A few minutes later it seemed to me I heard faintly the sound of breaking glass off in the darkness somewhere. To quiet Aunt Martha I suggested that possibly Uncle Peter might be on the 10:09 train and I'd walk down the road a bit to meet him.

Just outside the gate I did meet him, trembling slightly, but under a big brace.

"John, is that you?" the old fellow asked. "Oh! I'm so grateful to you. I don't know what came over me this afternoon. It's so unusual for me to do such a thing—oh! how my head aches and I'm so sick! When I woke up on the sofa in your house a few minutes ago I nearly fainted with surprise, but the presence of that man Lawrence brought it all back to me. Say, John, he has the most marvelous capacity I ever heard tell of. Oh! how my head hurts, and I feel so sick! I found the door locked and I'm afraid I broke one of the windows before I got out. Is Aunt Martha worried about me?"

I opened the salve box and calmed him down. "Not a soul is wise," I explained. "Just tell them you were detained at the race track looking over some horses that you suspected were not being treated humanely, and that will square you, sure."

"John, my boy!" Uncle Peter murmured as we drew near the door. "You've saved my life and I'll not forget it."

The prodigal was warmly welcomed. The explanation of the cause of his delay was eminently satisfactory to all concerned and joy would have gone into the reigning business then and there had not the rural messenger boy butted in with a telegram for Aunt Martha.

Busy Bunch! Aunt Martha opened the message and read it with wild-eyed astonishment. Then she looked nervously at poor Uncle Peter and handed the wire to me. "Read it aloud!" she said. It was dated New York and read as follows:—

Mrs. Peter Grant, Dove's Nest Villa, Ruradene, N. Y. As expected, detained at Waldorf banquet of Bankers and Brokers' association. Wine flowing like water, but will keep on dry land. Terrapin, ducks and wild game flying around the room. So many from my dyspepsia will stay on 'em prune wagon. Am down for a speech about midnight, so don't expect me home till morning train. May telephone you later. Good night. PETER.

When I finished the reading Uncle Peter crouched down in the arm chair and looked like eighty cents in borrowed money. In his dazed condition he firmly believed himself the author of that awful telegram, and he awaited the final blow in trembling silence.

I was getting the pan off the fire to cook up some kind of a stand-off for the battered old man when suddenly the telephone bell in the hall rang and Aunt Martha answered it.

"Yes," she said in the 'phone. "What? Yes, this is Mrs. Grant! What! Oh! oh!" she screamed, dropped the receiver, and rushed back into the sitting room.

"Oh! oh!" cried the old lady, "a man on that telephone said, 'Is that you, Martha? Well, this is Peter! Are you all right, my dear?' Oh! oh! Am I losing my senses?"

Clara J. tried to calm her while I jumped to the 'phone. Like lightning it flashed over me that this was more of busy Bunch's work in his effort to square Uncle Peter, who now sat doubled up in the chair watching us all with eyes like saucers.

"Hello!" I said over the wire; "who is this talking?" and then Bunch's voice came back to me. "This is Peter, Uncle Peter!"

I put my hand up to the transmitter and whispered, "Cut it out, you dam fool, Uncle Peter is sitting in the next room!" and then I heard Bunch yell, "Jumping Beeswax!" and drop the receiver. I knew he was running like a whitehead.

Then I continued over the 'phone loud enough to be heard a mile. "What's that? Who? You claim to be Peter Grant! You scoundrel! I know your voice; you are Barney Sullivan, and you're trying to blackmail my generous, peace-loving uncle! What! Louder! What! Well, you can't pull that on me, Mr. Barney Sullivan. You wanted to get up a mystery in our quiet family and have some of us pay you money to explain—I'm on! That telegram gag didn't work, Mr. Sullivan! Just because my uncle was kind to you—what! Why I'll have you pinched for this! Oh, go to the devil; my uncle isn't afraid of you! Back to your kennel, back! Lie down, you bad dog!" and with this I hung up the receiver with a crash.

"Cheer up, Uncle Peter," I said as I went back in the room. "Those race track rail birds try to work fancy with good people every once in a while, but I spotted Mr. Sullivan all right. I knew his voice in a minute. You can't trust those ducks, but I threw a scare into him that burnt his chin. He won't bother you again!"

Uncle Peter arose shakily from the chair and when he turned to me I noticed that his eyes were damp.

"I've had a hard day," he said; "goodnight, John, and God bless you!"

Clara J. looked me straight in the eyes as Uncle Peter went to bed, but my headlights never flickered.

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## The Onlooker by WILBUR D. NESBIT

### "Dixie"



"Twas in a gilded restaurant Where people came to eat, A Southerner, all grim and gaunt, Stepped in on eager feet. He sat him down and ordered food And suddenly and soon The orchestra in joyful mood Struck up that 'Dixie' tune.

There came a tumult of applause; The Southerner was glad— He felt this honor to his Cause And could no more be sad. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" the diners cried And straightway dropped their r's; It seemed as though with valiant pride They'd showed their battle scars.

The Southerner then asked of one Who almost broke his dish Applauding: "Whah ah' yo' from, son?" He said: "South Haven, Mich." Another came from old S. M. Bend, And one who cheered with glee From Southport, Maine, had come; his friend Was raised out in S. D.

A man from South Chicago yelled The wildest of wild cheers Until the folk about him held Their hands upon their ears; Another man whose voice was loud, Whose hands gave blow on blow In the applause that led the crowd Was from South Charleston, O.

The Southerner looked all around And pursed his grim old mouth, And said: "I'm glad that I have found So many from the South." He seeks another place to eat But everywhere he goes When "Dixie" played they stamp their feet And cheer it through the nose.

#### SELECTION BY ELIMINATION.



"Have you a lot of books that are what you would recommend for a young lady's reading?"

"Yes, miss. We keep them on the three front tables."

"Thank you. I didn't want to waste any time. I'll look through the ones on the other tables, please."

#### Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

"What is the occasion of yonder enthusiastic gathering?" asks the stranger in our midst.

"That," we explain, "is an assemblage of popular song writers erecting a monument to their greatest benefactor."

"And who was he? Some man who purchased largely of their product?"

"Oh, no. He was the man who discovered that 'lady' rhymed with 'baby.'"

#### Humph.

"He said I was the most natural woman in the club," says the member who has attended the lecture and discussion of health and beauty by the eminent physical culturist.

"Indeed?" remarks the second member. "I have read somewhere that nature knows no waist."

With a telling glance at the belt line of the first member, she moves on.

Candid Mæden.

"Here's pansies—they're for thoughts," said the youth, bending low as he handed the flowers to the fair young thing. "And I wonder what would serve as a substitute for brains?"

"Have you heard that money is just as good?" she queried, with a smile akin to that of a receiving teller when a big account is opened.

Expert Touch.

"Blithers says he never has to pay for a game of billiards. Is he such a good player?"

"He's pretty lucky."

"But he says he has a perfect touch."

"He has, if he loses he touches his opponent for the price of the game."

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## POULTRY

### NEW YORKER INVENTS HOUSE

In Two Sections, With Walls and Roof Hung on Hinges—Quite Easy to Keep Ventilated.

A rather elaborate poultry house has been designed by a New York man. It is in two sections, one of which slides upon the other and is small enough to be easily taken apart. The lower section has screens along



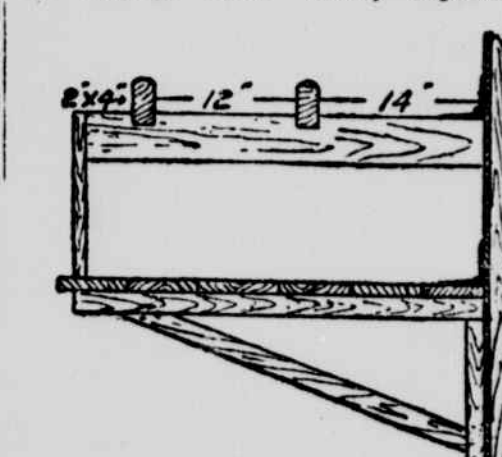
Useful Poultry House.

its side walls, while the wooden walls are hinged at the top so that they can be opened at any angle desired, chains holding them in position. In this way ventilation can be obtained and the interior protected from rain or too much light. The upper section, which has a peaked roof, has a door at one end and a series of roosts arranged around the sides and ends on the interior. One-half of the roof is screened, too, and the top on this side is hinged so that it can be kept open or closed. The entire roof can also be slid on or off at will. This arrangement makes it easy to clean the house thoroughly in all parts and keep it well ventilated, thus eliminating insect pests to a great degree.

### PERCH SPACE FOR CHICKENS

Small Hens Generally Require About Six Inches While Larger Birds Should Be Allowed Eight.

As a general rule, small hens should have about six inches of perch space while the larger hens should be allowed eight inches. In the winter they huddle closer together, but in the summer there should be plenty of room to allow them to spread out. Perches should be 12 inches apart and not closer than 15 inches to the wall or ceiling. Show birds, especially



### Hinged Perches and Dropping Board.

Leghorns or similar types should be kept at a greater distance from walls and ceilings. Many good birds are spoiled by "brooming" their tails against the walls.

There are several methods of making movable perches. One of the most common is by hinging them to the wall at the back.

## POULTRY NOTES

The fowls must be fed at least twice a day.

Exercise is necessary for both health and egg production.

A box of crushed oyster shell should always be within reach.

Split carrots, turnips and cabbage in half, instead of chopping fine.

Clear fresh water is necessary for the hens at all times and all seasons.

The most profitable way to keep chickens of any kind is to feed them well.

To obtain a supply of winter eggs we must have the chicks out early in the spring.

Old fowls require less feed than young ones and it is a mistake to overfatten them.

The walls and roosts should be kept free from mites, which suck the life-blood of the fowls.

Cement floors should be well covered with straw. The bare floor is too hard and too cold.

After the second annual molt hens are apt to become eggbound, especially if well fed and fat.

When the clean, fresh eggs are gathered they should be put in a clean, dry, cool place until marketed.

A plump young turkey, dressing from eight to fifteen pounds, finds a market at almost any season of the year.

To insure success have the buildings for the hens ready early, and choose fowls of the right age and in good condition.

Send us your job work.

### HAIL STORM VISITS PINEWOOD.

Big Damage Done in That Section by Hail—Oat Crop Wiped Out.

Pinewood, May 12.—This town and section was visited today at 1 o'clock by one of the largest and worst hail storms that ever came this way. The oat crop in the stricken area is almost ruined, gardens suffered heavily. Several small buildings and fences were blown down and in several residences, the window glasses were broken. Young chickens were killed by the score. Some of the stones were as large as a grown peach and laid on the ground several hours before melting. The cloud traveled from the west and after it passed here, it seemed as if it spread out and the section of country between Sumter, Paxville and Manning was being wiped off the map. There was lots of strong wind in the cloud, but it seemed to be high up, as the tops of large trees were twisted off.

It was learned this morning that those drains on Hampton avenue and Washington street were more in need of cleaning Sunday afternoon than ever. It is possible that Council may realize the importance of the drains after the clayed streets are ruined and new streets have to be built. It is also possible that when they are cleaned or relaid, that all surface openings will be protected with gratings and sand tarps—or both.

## Candidates' Cards.

Announcements of candidates will be printed in this column until the close of the campaign for \$5. No cards accepted on credit.

### For Sheriff.

Capt. E. S. Carson is hereby announced as a candidate for Sheriff at the ensuing election, having before discharged the duties of that office with promptness and efficiency. We take pleasure in recommending him for said office, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

### MANY VOTERS.

I hereby offer myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Sumter County, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.

J. K. BRADFORD.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Sumter County, subject to the rules governing Democratic primaries.

W. H. SEALE.

### VOTERS.

### For House of Representatives.

I am a candidate for re-election to the House of Representatives subject to the rules of the Democratic Primary.

R. E. BELSER.

### VOTERS.

### For House of Representatives.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives, subject to the rules governing the Primary.

Dr. F. M. Dwight is hereby unanimously nominated, as a candidate for the House of Representatives, subject to the rules governing the Primary.

We bespeak for him the suffrage of his fellow countrymen.

The Wedgfield Democratic Club.

### For Supervisor.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Supervisor of Sumter County, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

P. M. PITTS.

### For Clerk of Court.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of Court for Sumter County, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.

L. I. PARROTT.

### The name of H. L. Scarborough is presented as a candidate for Clerk of Court for Sumter County in the coming Democratic primary election.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of Court of Sumter county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

JOHN R. SUMTER.

### For Solicitor.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Solicitor of the Third Judicial Circuit, subject to the rules of the Democratic Primary.

PHILIP H. STOLL.



"What's That? Who? You? You Claim to Be Peter Grant!"

through the twilight we beheld two torch-bearers coming towards us arm in arm, oscillating from one side of the road to the other, and trying to sing. "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" at the top of their wine-covered voices.

As the Wooley brothers drew near their forms took on familiar outlines and then all of a sudden my heart went down into my shoes and stayed there, for I recognized them both.

At the same moment Bunch exclaimed, "Great Scott, John! It's Uncle Peter and Dike Lawrence! petrified and pickled! wouldn't that ring the alarm!"

Uncle Peter soused to the bald spot! Uncle Peter, the sedate and dignified, sewed up to the eyebrows! Uncle Peter, the model of propriety, full of bunsine to the booby hatch!

I was ready to take the count.

The two Cafe Trimmers halted again about ten feet away from us and I could hear Dike saying, "Misher Grant, you've won my eshtem and affec-affec-affeshum, shake! There's bond of union between us'll never be broken, Misher Grant, never be broken. Lesh try find another saloon so'sh cement zlah friendship—shake!"

We could see Uncle Peter vainly trying to focus Dike with one eye, and being unsuccessful in his efforts the old fellow placed his head on the other boozelozger's shoulder and bleated: "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

Uncle Peter, who for years hadn't swallowed enough naphtha to float an olive, wobbling at twilight through the country lane, with all his lights lit, good and oryide!

What would the astonished and fearful Clara J. say! What would the overwhelmed Aunt Martha think to see her paragon of all the virtues with his feet in the trough!

Bunch was too dumfounded to speak, while I just stood there and batted my eyes in the expectation of waking up every minute, but nix on the wake.

The picture was there all right. Two Parsifal pilgrims returning from the feast, bumping the noddles together while they hunted for barber shop mirrors, and hitting up the Wagner.

"There's only one thing to do," I whispered hurriedly to Bunch. "We

Send us your job work.

Give us your job work.